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SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1908.

ARE YOU GOING AWAY?

Subscribers who leave the city temporarily should not fail to have THE WASHINGTON HERALD follow them. Addresses will be changed as often as requested. You cannot keep fully informed about affairs in Washington unless your paper comes to you daily. Before leaving, mail or telephone your address to this office.

The Pension List.

Fortunately, the question of pensions awarded to the soldiers and sailors of the United States and their dependents has never been seriously injected into our quadrennial political disputes, and it is probably only a coincidence that certain Democratic journals are calling attention to appropriations for pensions made by the late session of Congress. It is only under the head of general extravagance in appropriations that the bill carrying about \$100,000,000 for pensions is mentioned.

This, in all probability, marks the highest point to which the pension roll of the United States will ever go. In 1890 the appropriation by Congress for this purpose was in excess of \$100,000,000 to provide for the new eligibles to the roll created by special legislation. Then, year by year, the sum grew less and the appropriations were reduced, until Congress passed the service-pension law which added a host of new names to the roll.

But now it might seem that the limit has been reached. The records show that 2,667,000 men served in the Union army, and of these veterans only 700,000 survive, and these will not be with us long. The pension authorities figure as do the insurance men, whose tables show that 12,000 of every 100,000 individuals die between the ages of ten and thirty. At the age of sixty but half of the original number would survive, and at the age of seventy less than 25,000 would be living, while only 12,000 would live to four-score years.

Seventy years of age is the average of the veterans who survive the greatest civil strife the world has ever known; the strife that alone made possible the united nation that is to-day the envy of the world. Seventy years old, and the hands that held the muskets whose sharp reports echoed the cry of "Union forever" are trembling now and weak. The feet that carried stout hearts and bodies unafraid through a storm of death to the post of duty move now but haltingly and painfully toward the grave. Seventy years! and each hour marks the thinning of the ranks, and soon, in answer to the muster-call, there will be no answer, but only the echo of a sob.

Since the dreadful war ceased, out of the riches which that war made possible we have paid something over \$3,500,000,000 for pensions, and it has been money magnificently spent, for it was gloriously earned. But already the end is in sight. Grim death will rob us of these creditors to whom we owe so much, and with nothing left but the remembrance of what they wrought and the inheritance of honor they have bequeathed, who will talk of extravagance then?

A large section of the "solid South" seems to be insisting that Mr. Theodore Roosevelt come down and carve it into strips.

Where Lies the Blame?

Moralists may be shocked and preachers may condemn the wretched bank teller of New York who was short \$3,000 of the bank's money and committed suicide, but all the righteous indignation at the two sins—theft and self-murder—will not wipe out the fact that others were not blameless. Here was a man who had been with the bank for twenty long years, until he had won his way up to the position of teller. In that position of trust he handled millions of dollars in the course of a year, and for his work, his integrity, and his responsibility he received the munificent salary of \$1,500 a year. Eight years ago he married, and with the increase of personal responsibility he found it difficult to keep even with the world. Five years ago he "borrowed" some money from the bank to help pay his current expenses, and he was never able to pay it back. The one "borrowing" led to others, and to the final crash—disgrace—death.

There can be no palliation of theft; there is no excuse for suicide, and yet one cannot, in thinking of this ruined life, fail to take note of the fact that the bank in which this man was employed pays 16 per cent on its stock. Such dividends as this were possible because the salaries of employees, even those who had been in the service of the bank for twenty years, were kept as low as possible.

Human nature has its limits of endurance, and we have come to a point where

we recognize this by legislative protection. Where human lives are dependent on the skill of one man, we make it a felony to work him too hard or too long, lest others suffer for the employers' greed. It is wrong and shameful for the telegraph operator to fall asleep over his instrument, but the first wrong comes in not sending him relief in time, before nature is exhausted. And so with the underpaid employee whose honest efforts are aiding his employer to pay 16 per cent dividends, surely there is some blame higher up if such a man turns from honest work and domestic happiness to theft, death, and disgrace.

"Democracy has its own way of reaching every desirable goal," says the Memphis Commercial-Appeal. It seems to employ ways not to reach them, as a rule, however.

"Take Taft or Me."

It seems altogether probable that the expected will happen at Chicago—the nomination of William Howard Taft for President.

When the President, months ago, issued his ultimatum, "Take Taft or me," it was then the Secretary of War became a well-nigh invisible factor in the preliminary campaign. That ultimatum was worth more to him than all the work of Vorys, Hitchcock, and the personally active officeholding class combined.

Opposition to Taft is strong enough, even at this late hand-wagon day, to encompass his defeat in convention. There is lack of faith in his running qualities. He does not inspire party confidence. The antis are declaring. He has no enthusiastic following. His availability is doubted. His candidacy forced, the partisan view of the future is full of uncertainty and misgivings. But with a choice of alternatives, "Take Taft or me," the opposition, or allies, after much floundering about, apparently will accept the first-take Taft, with all the uncertainty that envelops him, rather than "me"—Roosevelt—with victory assured in advance. Of the two evils, as the opposition regards them, it would choose the least.

Compressing the situation into a sentence, in the opposition's philosophy: Better Taft and possible defeat than four years more of Roosevelt.

But, while looking forward to this probable outcome of the convention, there are certain things which this newspaper positively refuses to believe, viz:

That a cut-and-dried programme is now being prepared which the convention will carry out to the letter.

That the Roosevelt sentiment will be held in check from beginning to end.

That Fairbanks has definitely and finally been determined upon for the Vice Presidency on the ticket with Taft.

That either Fairbanks or Hughes would refuse to take second place on the ticket, if nominated.

That a governmental course, prudent and conservative in character, involving the executive, the legislative, and the judicial, and a complete surrender to the "interests," has been carefully mapped out and agreed upon, and will be ratified in convention and at the polls.

That the letter which Roosevelt has written, saying that no delegate would contain a vote to his instructions, contains a threat to disregard the convention's will by refusing the nomination, if tendered him.

These are things The Washington Herald rejects, even while admitting that the expected is likely to happen as to Taft.

In its opinion, the Chicago convention will be anything but a cut-and-dried affair. The Republican party is not going to give itself over to the reactionaries or turn backward in a day—not with one-half the country more radical than it ever was before. And not with the big stick still in aggressive hands at Washington.

Whoever the nominee be, whatever the platform contain, the party must travel the Rooseveltian road in the campaign to win. Any other path will lead to defeat. Taft must realize this, even if many of his supporters are blind to the fact.

Gov. Johnson, of Minnesota, has accumulated a notable amount of first-class advertising out of the situation, which is more than some people will ever get out of it.

The Oregon Election.

There is something peculiarly significant in the Democratic victory in Oregon, though, perhaps, it will not do to attach too much importance to the election which results in the sending of Gov. George E. Chamberlain to the United States Senate. Normally, at least in the Republican column, in 1904, when President Roosevelt carried the State by a plurality of 43,000, Gov. Chamberlain captured the governorship by a plurality of 24. Two years earlier he had received the office by a plurality of 276. Now he is elected to the United States Senate by a popular plurality estimated at 1,000.

Undoubtedly, as in the case of Gov. Johnson, of Minnesota, the personal election entered largely into this result in Oregon. But there is a different significance than in that election dealt merely with local issues. That was the case, perhaps, when Gov. Chamberlain ran for the governorship, and national issues may hardly have been considered. But the recent election was a direct appeal to the people, who in Oregon elect United States Senators by popular vote, on issues that were purely national, as those between which the people will decide in the coming Presidential campaign.

And in face of these facts, the Republicans of Oregon, who gave Mr. Roosevelt a plurality of 43,000, have been unable to prevent the election of a popular Democrat.

It may be taken, we think, that the result of the Oregon election shows that more and more the voters of the country are doing their own thinking, and hold themselves independent of party. A majority of the citizens of Oregon may call themselves Republicans, but it is undoubted that, in principle, they are strongly Democratic in their principles of government. They have shown this by their adoption of political innovations such as the initiative and referendum,

and now by their election to the United States Senate of a popular governor.

The feeling is abroad in the land that it is the people who rule, and they are insisting on their rights. Less than ever before, it seems, are the voters willing to be led by party; and more and more it is coming to be principles and men that count. Undoubtedly for some time yet the political party machine, when well organized and not flaunted too brazenly, will have its influence, but there are warning signs that this sort of influence is waning, and one of the signs is the Oregon election.

The tendency thus made manifest seems to assure us that though the party managers may make the nominee, the next President of the United States will be made by the people. And the manager's personality and what he stands for will count for more than platforms or phrases.

The report that Mrs. Hetty Green recently gave a dinner costing \$20 per plate leads one irresistibly to wonder what frenzied game that erstwhile supremely cautious lady is up against at last.

The main difference between a long session and a short session of Congress is the amount of the average daily expenditure of Uncle Sam's money.

The Alabama is to lead the fleet home. That's correct, alphabetically, at any rate.

The report that Mr. Bryan does not care for baseball was doubtless started by his enemies.

A doctor advises against the mixing of whiskey and bananas. In the "wet" communities the average man will cut out the bananas.

A Kentucky minister troubles himself to inform the people of Washington that Kentuckians are not as black as they have sometimes been painted. We found that out long ago.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch is worried because the world's supply of coal will last only 200 years. The T.-D. is fortunate if it is able to postpone all of its coal worry for 200 years.

Near-beer is rated quite a novelty in prohibition States. Near-whisky, we suppose, is just the same old thing as of yore.

It is agreed that Secretary Taft's folks thought him a fine baby in his infantile days. This shows just what good, average American stock Mr. Taft comes from.

In spite of Mr. Roosevelt's emphatic protest, something seems likely to break loose in Georgia, regardless.

Alabama claims to be getting something like a million a month from Northern and Eastern peach-lovers just about now. The North and East do not mind, however. The peaches are worth the money.

An ex-blacksmith is a candidate for governor of Colorado. He should be able to put in some sledge-hammer licks knocking the opposition.

More June brides are headed for a Washington honeymoon just now than there are honeymooners to be seen the year round in Minute Antique Manhattan.

A physician says automobilism is interfering seriously with matrimony. Perhaps it is. Few young men would seem able to support a wife and automobile simultaneously.

Mr. Eugene V. Debs is making his usual gum-shoe campaign for the Presidency of the United States.

A St. Louis undertaker gives a box of cigars with every coffin purchased. The recipients doubtless find some consolation in the thought that, after all, there are worse things than dying.

A Hit for Every Head.

VOL. II. NO. 2.

EVERY SATURDAY.

Cur-Motto: If you use it in The Big Stick, it isn't necessarily so.

BY YE LOCAL SCRIBE.

D. J. Kaufman Philadelphia on Thursday.

Cuno Rudolph is home from Annapolis.

Billy Hibbs is again week-ending at Leestown.

Not so many prominent people now in our midst.

The Big Stick's best wishes follow Harry King abroad.

Col. William Hart, tiring of baseball, is now going in for tennis.

Whooop it up for the glorious Fourth. That's the day to blow our selves.

Give something for the playground. It may be a tight-knit, but Congress.

We have it straight that sixteen more theater projects are under way. Twenty-three in all.

Transquility now reigns at the District building. Probing done with and tax-paying over.

June 27—remember the date—the great B. of T. C. of C. baseball game will be pulled off.

Ralph Lee is teaching Col. Harper how to use the spitball, and thinks he has the making of a second Tom Hughes.

It is hinted that Samuel G. Ritchie is springing a letter before the Chicago convention that will shake the political universe.

We have it on the highest authority that but for the efforts of our friend Charles C. Glover Congress never would have passed a currency bill.

Hon. H. B. F. Macfarland will speak at the opening of the new municipal building. Hon. H. B. F. Macfarland is going to Canada to play golf.

Marking me pale face and thinking me near to fainting, she took off her shoe, and using it as a cup, brought me a gallon or two of icy water from the brook, with which she drenched my hands and face. She then made me a savory mess of dandelion salad, which, when I had eaten it, made me feel like another man.

"I'm glad to see you recovered," she said.

"Escaped," I cried.

"Yes," she answered. "Was it you who gave the order?"

"The order? Then I remembered. Just as I had plunged overboard, and before I sank in the muddy waters of Hampton Roads, I had heard a voice roar 'Up anchor!'

Read Bingley Bugle to-morrow.

A LITTLE NONSENSE. PEOPLE AND THINGS

WE ALL LIKE IT.

The end-seat hog
Along doth yag
He blocks the way
And people say
He ought to have a ticket.

His arklite feet
The victims greet
With language terse and acid;
But through it all,
It doth befall,
The end-seat hog is plied.

The end-seat hog
Sets men agog
And causes fights and factions.
"Enjoyed it, eh?"
"Well, I dunno."
The end-seat hog has attractions.

The Spring Deluge.
"I had a delightful talk with the governor of the State."
"Enjoyed it, eh?"
"Yes; he didn't want to sell me a ticket for anything."

Apprehensive.
"Now they say that every woman has ten distinct personalities."
"Don't let my wife hear that."
"Why not?"
"She'll demand a hat for each of them personalities."

The Pampered Pets.
"Hortense, call up Mr. De Millyuns and ask for Fido."
"Yes, ma lady."
"Carlo wishes to bark to him over the telephone."

Strictly Scientific.
The student has of learned names
A goodly store.
A primrose by the river's brim
Primula vulgaris is to him
And nothing more.

Mixed Much.
"Alexander the Great sighed for more worlds to conquer."
"And well he might. With all his triumphs, he never received a Chautauqua salute."

So People Can Know.
"What's the use of going to college and studying hard?"
"You regret?"
"Yes, I do. I think a girl who takes a degree ought to be allowed to wear a big tag, like a motor car."

Fauna.
"A little garden will keep away the wolf."
"Bah! And attract chickens."

Lines of Laughter.
From the Nashville American.
As a Consequence.
"Poor girl, she is very unhappy; she eloped with her coachman."
"That is a horse on her."

But He Does.
"Where does he get his money?"
"I don't know where he gets his, and I don't care. What I am interested in is knowing just how he gets mine."

Good for That.
"What have you in that bottle?"
"Nerve tonic," replied the druggist.
"Is it good?"
"Oh, yes; it sells excellently."

To Keep in Practice.
"I don't see why Farmer Longpore looks so glum. Crops are good."
"Yes."
"And prices are high."
"Yes."
"And his daughter is to marry the man of his choice."
"Yes."
"What is he worrying about?"
"Because he hasn't anything to worry over."

Not Synonymous.
"Can you make me a loan?"
"No, but I can let you alone, if that will do."

Compromise on a Dime.
"How is his war against tipping coming on?"
"He is giving no quarter."

Prof. Hugo Munsterberg.

The forty-fifth birthday of Prof. Hugo Munsterberg was celebrated on June 1, and this calls attention to the wide influence exerted by this German professor who has made himself so at home at Harvard. Prof. Munsterberg was born at Dantzig, Germany, June 1, 1863. He was graduated from the gymnasium in that city in 1882, attended the University of Geneva, and graduated from the University of Leipzig in 1885, and from the University of Heidelberg in 1887. He was an instructor in philosophy at the University of Freiburg from 1887 to 1891, and since 1892 has been a professor of psychology at Harvard. Prof. Munsterberg has written a score of volumes on psychological subjects and recently he has been giving his attention to the psychology of truth-telling, and claims through recent experiments to have perfected a system by which expert psychologists may tell with absolute accuracy whether a witness in a courtroom is telling the truth or not. Prof. Munsterberg is a friend of the German Emperor and he has done much to increase the friendship of the United States and Germany.

Some United States Statistics.
In round figures this country has 2,000,000 square miles out of the total 50,000,000 square miles of the world's area. We have a population of 96,000,000, or a fraction over 5 per cent of the world's. With an area of 5.9 per cent of the world's and a population of 5.2 per cent, we are raising annually 43 per cent of the world's total production of wheat, corn, and oats. Of corn alone—one of the most important cereals known to mankind—we are producing 73.8 per cent; of tobacco we are raising 31.1 per cent, and of cotton 71.3 per cent.

His Mammified Friend.
Eben C. Chamberlain, famous scientist, former city bacteriologist of Chicago and honor graduate of Princeton in 1889, is dead in Pittsburgh. He was one of the most remarkable characters and one of the best chemists in the United States.

Eight years ago Chamberlain and his business partner went to Patagonia to look for gold. While there they made an agreement that if one died the other was to cut off his head and bring it back home. The partner died there, and Chamberlain carried out the agreement. He kept the skull in his room all the time. Between the grinning teeth of the skull was thrust a cigarette, tiny electric light globes took the place of eyes, and rakishly balanced on one side of the skull was a battered straw hat. Several years ago, as a joke, several friends of Chamberlain placed an axe in the trunk of his bed. When Chamberlain discovered it he calmly went to bed and to sleep. When his friends claimed the mummy next day, he refused to give it up, and from that time he slept with it constantly. Years ago Chamberlain made a contract with a local undertaker to take charge of his body when he died and cremate it.

The Six-leaved Clover.
Through fear that a six-leaved clover he discovered in the morning might mean bad luck, Earle Dumbor, of Myrtle avenue, Jamaica, Long Island, didn't half enjoy his Saturday vacation last week. He spent the day wondering what would befall him, and seemed surprised at supper time that the day had been productive of no great event.

The finding of a six-leaved clover is exceedingly rare. Dumbor, who is twelve years of age, found a nest of four-leaved clover leaves, which means good luck, as all are confirmed materialists know. Presently he plucked a stem that had leaves growing upon it. That filled him with horror, as if he feared bad luck. He would take it to offset the baleful influence of the five-leaved clover. He tore it apart and threw the bits in different directions. That he discovered the six-leaved clover growing upon one stem. As his knowledge of the bearing of clover leaves on luck did not extend above the five-leaf mark, he placed the six-leaved sprig in water and displayed it to all his friends. Few had ever heard of a six-leaved clover.

BRYAN'S BAND WAGON.

Now Making Its Final Round.

From the Christian Post.
The Bryan band wagon, in its rounds last week, took on all the passengers who were bound for Denver. Not a single delegate elected during the week was disposed to support anybody other than the Nebraskaan.

There were 58 delegates elected to the Democratic national convention. Of these, 50 were definitely instructed to vote for the nomination of Bryan and the other eight, though not instructed, were openly pledged to support Bryan's candidacy. Mr. Bryan now has 58 delegates bound to him by instruction, and 40 more who are determined to vote for him on their own motion. That puts him within 98 votes of the nomination, and there are more coming his way. Three hundred and seven delegates are yet to be elected, and of these 187 are counted upon as practically certain to be Bryan supporters; if these 187 are added to the 98 already voted assured on the first ballot, 285 more are needed to nominate, and he will probably be made the candidate by acclamation. If the majority rule for nomination in the Democratic convention, as it should prevail, instead of the two-thirds rule, Bryan would now have of instructed delegates 23 more than enough to insure his nomination.

The failure of the opposition to capture a single delegate last week in the three State conventions that were held is significant of the developments of the situation. The opposition has practically retired from the field, after having been most thoroughly—not to say ingloriously—beaten. The effort to make Johnson, of Minnesota, a candidate has utterly collapsed. Except for the support of his own State Johnson would not be even mentioned as a candidate. He has not secured a single delegate outside of Minnesota, though his candidacy has been persistently and noisily boomed during the period of delegate choosing.

The Bryan band wagon is making its final rounds, and is now going at a premium. Those who have not yet got aboard will have to jump quickly.

JOHNSON AND THE EAST.

He Stands About Where Bryan Did Twelve Years Ago.

From the St. Paul Pioneer-Press.
During his recent visit to the East in connection with the President's convention of governors at Washington, Gov. Johnson, of Minnesota, was made much of by Eastern Democrats who stand traditionally opposed to Mr. Bryan. In Washington, New York, and elsewhere Gov. Johnson received a kind of attention which must have surprised a plain man whose whole social, political, and moral make-up is a product of Western conditions and whose purposes are in tune with Western ideas.

Gov. Johnson is probably too shrewd to suffer under any misapprehension of motives. He must know that he stands not at all in accord with the ideas or the aims of the Eastern Democrats, that the warmth of his reception at the East is merely a measure of the Eastern antagonism toward Mr. Bryan, and designed to contrast and show the eminent statesman. As a matter of fact, Gov. Johnson is quite as "advanced" in his notions as Bryan himself, probably more so. There is no element in the Bryan scheme of political action which Johnson has not approved, while in some respects he has out-Bryanized even Bryan himself. It is recalled, among other things, that Gov. Johnson has publicly declared himself for policies that would make it impossible for any one citizen to have an income above \$9,000 per year. In truth, Gov. Johnson stands to-day about where Bryan stood twelve years ago—before he (Bryan) became prosperous. Presently he plucked a stem that had leaves growing upon it. That filled him with horror, as if he feared bad luck. He would take it to offset the baleful influence of the five-leaved clover. He tore it apart and threw the bits in different directions. That he discovered the six-leaved clover growing upon one stem. As his knowledge of the bearing of clover leaves on luck did not extend above the five-leaf mark, he placed the six-leaved sprig in water and displayed it to all his friends. Few had ever heard of a six-leaved clover.

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